

Labbaik Allahuma Labbaik...

You know what's really weird? Mundane things you'd never think of as strange until you actually sit down and think about them. Mysteries of life and the strange mix of experiences we have as individuals. Or that sometimes we all think something similar to each other. Like that there is a Mother who we all long to be part of and rejoin. Sounds simple, right? Well I can say that I've seen both simple and complex. I've had weird synchronicities before. One of my friends used to be big into this conspiracy theory he had about how the world was run by women to the detriment of men. He called it the Matriarchy and I thought it was a reaction to the Feminist notion of Patriarchy. Of course, this was well before I discovered a weird subreddit called 9Mother9Horse9Eyes9, so I didn't think of it much. Well, let's just say that now that I pulled that thread, an entire web has started to unravel. I realized that of all the religions of the world, Islam is probably the most Matriarchal of all. Don't believe me? They worship a seemingly male God, but the most important object in the religion is a rock that is framed by a vaginal-like silver frame. People stick their heads in this, for a reason unknown to most modern Muslims. I wonder if all my reading of the Narrative has made me go crazy. There's more than just desert people and their crazy box stone. Apparently the Japanese cult of Aum Shinrikyo wasn't the only weird cult to come out of that country. I've heard of another strange bunch of people who thought they had discovered an unknown goddess - one who promised her followers a wonderful new world. All they had to do was follow her and do what she told them to do. Her name was Mame Seibo. The whole cult believed that when the time was right, she would lead them into the Womb World and everyone would be reborn. Weird stuff, but not exactly strange for a country that churns out some of the strangest porn you've ever seen.

MAME SEIBO - Holy Mother Horse Eyes (2chan post)

I didn't really know I'd joined a cult. No one ever thinks they have. Until it's too late. I was looking for something and I thought I found it. Always a big fan of the internet and the subcultures found in it's murky depths, I found a strange website. It had a old feel to it, like something from the dial-up days of the internet. Real primitive looking .gif images

and a layout similar to many old Tripod pages. It had an awful lot of text, which would have turned me off if not for the strange mesmerizing prose. It said that there was a Great Mother who was drawing us all together. That we would all be joined into her, but not specifically how. That was for later, I was assured by the cryptic text. When the time was right, the people who had been her loyal followers would be given this secret initiation. I had read similar claptrap, but this was no work of fiction that I could see. A little Lovecraftian, but I didn't see any tentacles so I thought it was harmless enough. There was an email on the bottom and I kicked around the idea of sending one. The last decade prophesied to me dire warnings to just ignore what i had read. I have no desire to end up like the followers of Jim Jones, David Koresh, Mashah, or any of the other rogues that deceived many. I consider myself to be rather intelligent, if sometimes lacking in direction and focus. I am no dummy to be sucked in by a cult. So how did I end up on the cusp of entering a warm wet hole to nowhere?

I used to really love video games. As a kid, I played many of them and lost hours in the stories. One of the games I loved the most was one called Mother. It was about kids who had psychic powers. It was for the most part a nice little game. Until the end. I don't like that part very much and only later did I find out that the whole thing came from a traumatic experience in the developer's childhood. His trauma and fear became my own. I carried that with me and buried it so deep, it only resurfaced when I became a man. Right before I made a dreadful step, one that would change my whole life. I haven't been the same since. None of us have. I don't go out anymore. People are nothing more than darkness to me. Unknown shapes with malign intent. My apartment is a place of refuge, even though the danger lurks in the dark corners of the room. I know how to keep it at bay. I feel safe. My power is the only thing that is preventing a unprecedented disaster, that much I am sure. Abe no Seimei was wise to give us the knowledge of Onmyodo, which I use myself to seal in Mother. I am a potent Majutsushi and Onmyodo-shi. If you could see in my apartment, you'd probably think I am insane. I might as well be. For me though, the curse is my madness. Mother's madness. Pulling all towards her in all attractiveness and darkness. I have pulled away, so I may be among the accursed.

Virgin Mother Mary. Isis. Magna Mater. Pretty much all the same. I've

spent my whole life telling the story of the Mother. She is everywhere and all pervasive. My home country is no stranger to her, since we have nearly as many gods as people. All are said to be manifestations of the One, as we told the Muslims who tried to convert us. However, I have doubts that it is anything but true. All names of Mother are speaking of the One. I knew her as a black one, called Kali. The Thuggee revered her and offered her strangled victims. History does not tell us why, but my research points to an intriguing theory. British army officers uncovered a series of books that taught the method to open a great doorway to another realm of rebirth. Not reincarnation on the wheel of samsara, but a different type of rebirth in the womb of Mother. It required blood and flesh, which meant that not a drop could be spilled. It all had to go in. In a sense, that would explain why the Naxalites fizzled out as a movement. Our Chinese counterparts had found something similar. Or so I hear. Maoists they are not and certainly not atheists. They are aware. That much is certain.